



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CXCVIII No. 5162

March 6 1940

Charivaria

"WILL Germany's Petrol Last Out?" is the title of an article in a contemporary. Or are we, after all, to prepare welcome for a FUEHRER standing up in a fast milk-float?

A naturalist says he has known birds to build a double nest. Very rarely, however, can the cuckoo be persuaded to occupy the annexe.

German professors, we learn, having grappled successfully with the economy of scuttling, have now been invited to devote themselves to explaining the tactical advantages of being chased up a Norwegian fjord.

"Hitler in a grey uniform delivered most of his speech without looking at his manuscript."—*Reuter message.*

Well, it is about time he knew it by heart.



A critic hailed a recent film as "a blending of all superlatives." It must have been practically stuporous.

A writer thinks that civilisation is dwindling bit by bit. He means, of course, scrap by scrap.

A daily publishes an article on what Londoners can do to help the agricultural campaign. There is no suggestion, however, of ploughing up Chalk Farm and Long Acre.



American scientists have produced robots which they claim can do anything but think. In all fairness to the

FUEHRER it must be admitted that he did this years ago.

We read that Germans recently repatriated from Africa were each given five pounds pocket-money by the British. And the remarkable thing, we understand, was that they all thought they would like to buy a gun.

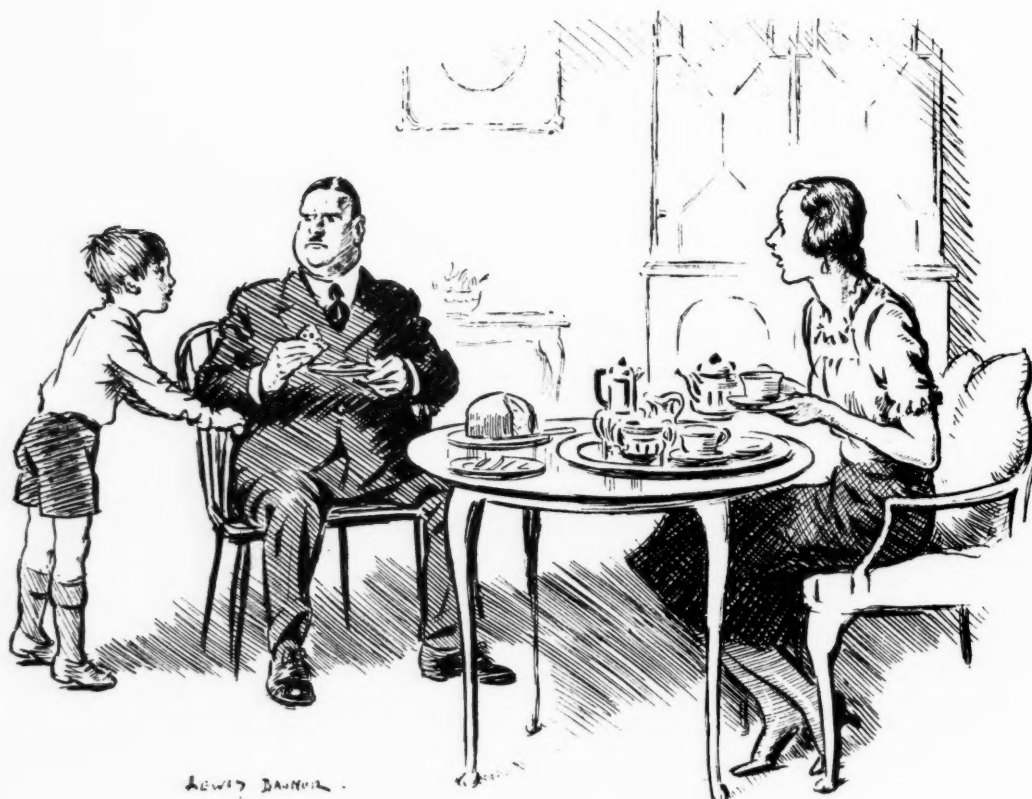
"Dr. Goebbels Gives Himself Away," says a heading. No takers.

Lebensraum: Cash and Carry

"There is still no news of the crew of the 3771-ton Hamburg freighter Wakama, who scuttled their ship and her £250,000 cargo of the Brazilian coast."—*Evening Paper.*

A rowing expert predicted that we might expect the time of the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race this year to be slower. Possibly he was assuming that depth charges would be carried.





"Do you cut your moustache like that, or does it wear down with eating?"

Stop that Glottis!

The "Ta-ta" Theory

THE other day I found myself, not for the first time, sitting at an office desk and looking out of the window. On the desk lay a number of accounts that needed checking; the drawers of the desk were, I knew, stuffed to bursting with accounts crying out to be checked; and there was no more immediate business to distract me from the task of checking accounts.

In these distressing circumstances I acted in accordance with the traditions of the firm and the habits of a life-time. I got up and began to pace the room, figuring out what would be the soonest I could go for coffee, and how long it would be, judging from the state of trade, before I would be once more up to the ears in urgent work and unable

to attend to the routine business of checking accounts. The room in which I work is just big enough for two good paces each way, so that it is not long before one tires of pacing it. I soon turned, therefore, to a large white-painted cupboard wherein for unnumbered years my predecessors have deposited such books and papers as they were unable to find any actual use for and yet were unwilling to destroy. After one or two false starts I unearthed a modest little volume (one of Sir Ernest Benn's sixpenny series) on "Speech."

It is a sad reflection on human nature, and perhaps especially on my nature, that if I had been studying for an examination in Phonetics I would undoubtedly have welcomed an excuse

to turn from this little brown book and check ships' stores invoices; whereas, things being as they were, I had not read ten lines before I found myself deeply engrossed. I repeat, it is a sad reflection; but I do maintain that that innocent-looking little book possessed an intrinsic seductiveness. Let me, in self-justification, pass on to you a phrase or two from its siren song. It starts by considering the primal origin of Speech. "Theories of the origin of speech," it says, "are necessarily speculative. One theory is that primitive words were imitative words of the cuckoo type—*quack-quack*, *gee-gee*, *bow-wow*. In addition to the *bow-wow* theory, there are four others similarly described by reduplicative nicknames—the *pooh-pooh*, the *ding-dong*, the

yo-he-ho theories, and a recent one we may call the *ta-ta* theory."

Coming on the heels of such an outpouring of lyric prose any criticism must appear carping; but even as one drinks in the intoxicating freshness of each delightful (and how aptly named!) theory, certain doubts spring inevitably to the surface of any inquiring mind. Of the *bow-wow* theory I will only remark, mildly, that the exclamation or utterance, "Gee-gee," does not come really close to simulating the natural cry of the horse. Passing on to the *pooh-pooh* theory we find that, according to its adherents, the origins of speech were "instinctive cries of pain or pleasure"—for example, "noises of the *oo-er!* type, or such words as *tut-tut!* *ssh!* *phew!*" I cannot read this theory without a vague feeling of sadness, for I have always wanted to hear someone actually say "phew!" out loud. Now it appears that I have missed my chance; that wild primeval cry went out with the Early Stone Age.

The *yo-he-ho* hypothesis is a little beyond me; its basic idea is that "violent efforts . . . are usually accompanied by the intermittent valvular action of the glottis, tongue, lips, or soft palate," and that the escape of breath during this process produces primitive words. That is quite conceivable; but when the writer goes on to cite as examples of these embryonic, primordial, protoplasmic words "*dig, yum-yum, yo-he-ho* and *ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,*" I begin to suspect that he is pulling my leg. There follows a minute description of the movements of the glottis made by seamen heaving a rope as they sing; and this also strikes me as fishy, for, as I think Solomon says, who has observed a seaman's glottis? If the learned writer had added that the cessation of the effort produced the sound known as a glottal stop, I would know that he was trifling with us; as it is, I only suspect it.

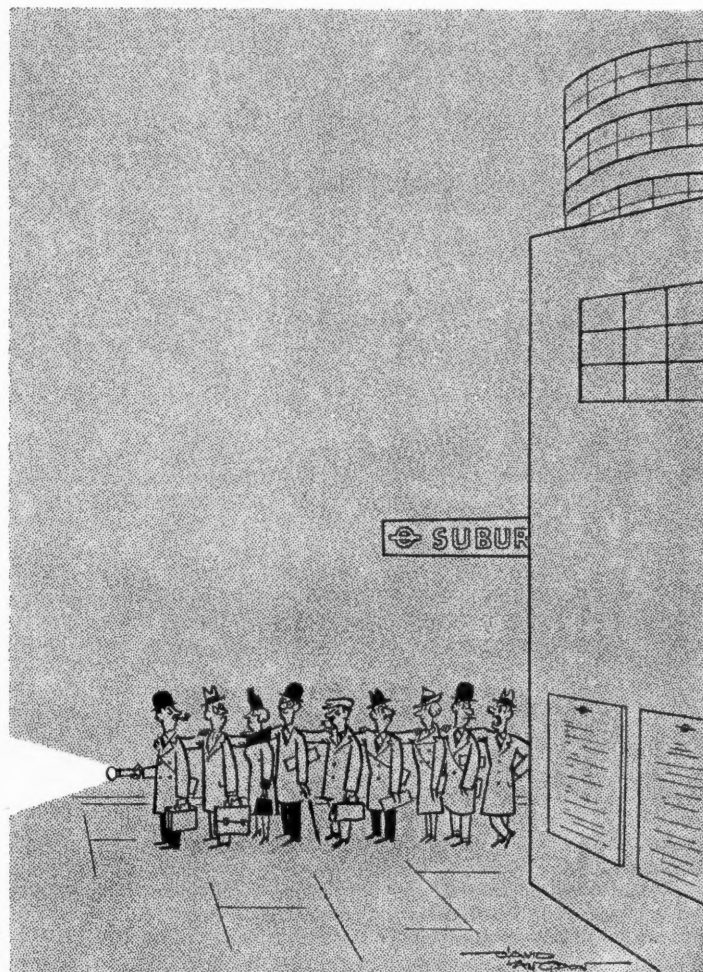
All these theories have, for the layman, a dewy freshness, a verdant greenery that contrasts gratefully with the arid exactitude of, for example, the Theory of Relativity; but the *ding-dong* theory has such an elfin beauty as to defy criticism. Its inventor, Max Muller, claimed that "there was a mysterious harmony between sound and sense," and that "men ding-donged phonetically to their environment." Ding-donged, one feels, is the only possible word.

But the best is kept to the last in that glorious theory for which *ta-ta* is an insufficient appellation. Sir Richard Paget it was—all honour to him—who

first declared that "the tongue makes the same gesture while saying *ta-ta* or *hither* as would the hand with similar intention"; and that, by slow degrees, men found themselves unconsciously imitating the gestures of their hands and arms with their tongues, lips, and glottises; and speech was born.

I have tried saying "*ta-ta,*" "*hither,*" and a few other simple phrases (such as "*get the hell outa here*") in front of a mirror, and my deliberate opinion is that the view obtainable of the tongue is insufficient to enable a definite conclusion to be reached either for or against Sir Richard Paget's theory. But even if we grant the *linguo-manual* correlation in the instances quoted, one can foresee other objections. The average tongue is a very poor gesticulator, but it is an adept by comparison

with the soft palate, the uvula, or the glottis; whereas it is well known that primitive races, for example the Red Indians, make great use of gesture with the hands. If there was ever, in the dark backward and abysm of time, a tribe that started out to build up a spoken language on the *ta-ta* principle, it would only be a matter of hours before some loquacious savage, endeavouring to convey to a chance acquaintance the idea that it was a fine day, would perish miserably with his organs of speech involved in hideous confusion. A very few such casualties would be enough to win over the remainder of the tribe to ding-donging, or quacking like a duck. I should not be surprised, indeed, if this actually happened. You can call it the *gurgle-gurgle* theory, if you wish.



"19 Acacia Gardens still to come . . ."

The Noble Citizen

I AM as silent as the grave
Concerning secrets of the war;
On every little thing I save
Compared with what I spent before;
My windows are as dark as night,
My torch is fainter than the moon,
I wear a warning patch of white
Sewn on to either pantaloons.

The sandbags round the porticos
Remind me, as I bark my knees,
That England's banner proudly blows
Above the battle and the breeze;
I shall not buy another hat
Till Right has conquered Might again,
And if the moth is in my flat
The moth must in my flat remain.

I do not grumble when my bus
Is crowded as I go to Town,
Remembering that only thus
Aggression can be beaten down;
We shall not sheath the sword, I think,
Nor hang the halberds on the walls
Till women shed their coats of mink
And move about in overalls.

Long have I cast dull sloth aside,
Butter and sugar, pomp and sins,
And sought to curb the Rule of Pride
By saving my potato-skins;
And here's the plot of garden ground
Where I shall breed by tons and tons
Great mangold-wurzels to confound
The machinations of the Huns.

For thrift, they say, is like a tank
And tiny loans that mount and swell
Shall take the Nazis in the flank
And shatter them with shot and shell.
The war-god thunders at the gates;
Britannia to the threat responds
With squadrons of Certificates
And fights for Liberty with Bonds.

EVOE.

o o

Having All that Petrol . . .

DARLING—did I *wake* you? My dear, I'm *stricken*, I really *am*, but it is nine o'clock. One gets up much earlier in the country, and morning is the best time to telephone London.

Darling—don't be so terse. Only just in bed? Muriel, how very quaint! Oh! *night duty*, poor lamb—how grim! Never mind, just snuggle down with the telephone. *What?* My dear, I thought everybody had it beside their beds. All right, put on a dressing-gown and I'll hold the line.

No! Exchange—*Exchange*, don't cut us off, I've only just begun. . . . Darling, *listen*, you are coming on Friday? You must be worn to the *bone*. Tom said you looked tired out. No, dearest, not plain—tired. "May, that girl needs a holiday—ask her down," he said. Just a tiny place—completely rustic, if you know what I mean? Darling, you

simply must come, and of course in uniform. Those drivers' caps are so *masterly*, don't you think? And *unlimited* petrol too, so Louise tells me. Yes, simply pour it down the drain, if you know what I mean. No, darling, I just don't believe you. I'm sure you get as much as you want—all Red Cross officers do. I envy you, but I always say to Tom that someone's got to do the dull *useful* work, and I'm just doing my wee bit, quietly.

Yes. Tom packed me off in September. After all, if one is a ridiculously young grandmother, one has one's responsibilities all the same; so I said, "Tom, we must have the girls and the grandchildren." No, darling, *not* seven each—seven between them. Hope has four and Betty three. So sweet.

Muriel, don't be silly—of *course* there's room for you! Tom has given up his dressing-room and there are the servants' rooms too. Yes, dear, they left. But we've got two charming refugees, Otto and Marie; no, not a word of English—so pathetic. No, Tom doesn't come down much—not since we laid the car up.

My dear, the children are *agog* to see you; at their ages uniform is so much grander than just doing one's bit *quietly*, if you know what I mean? *What's that?* Exchange! *Exchange!* Oh—all right, another three minutes, then. Muriel dear, we *must* stop gossiping and get down to plans . . . Well, *shut* the window then, or put on a blanket or something!

Now *listen*, darling! It'll take about two hours to get down, straight down the Portsmouth road. We'll be waiting for you—we've almost forgotten what a car looks like!

What's that? You can't? Well, at least you might have said so and not kept me talking here. *Naturally*, I am the *last* person to force *anyone* to do *anything* they don't *want* to do. If you want to hoard your petrol it's not for me to criticise. We try to do our bit down here as much as the women up there who go stamping around in uniform . . . and wasting petrol . . . No, dear, Louise assures me, it's used for *washing* cars. If you are a Transport officer or whatever it is, you ought to know too.

Of course I'm sorry, Muriel. I don't know what Tom will say; he was going to take you round Stonor—the view is too glorious—on Sunday. Yes, dear, by the golf club. Yes, *naturally* in your car—I told you we had laid ours up. No, Muriel, you've no right to say that; and anyhow an officer, or whatever you are, can always get petrol—the *queerest* people get extra petrol. . . . Well then, you are the only one who doesn't.

Well, Muriel, I won't say I'm not disappointed. And the children, poor mites, will be stricken, absolutely *stricken*: they'd planned to take you to the pictures at Lissfield while the girls did some shopping. Oh, of *course* they can go by bus.

Well, Muriel, I can't pretend that I don't think it a little *unpatriotic*, dear—having all that petrol . . .

No. Not another three minutes, thank you.

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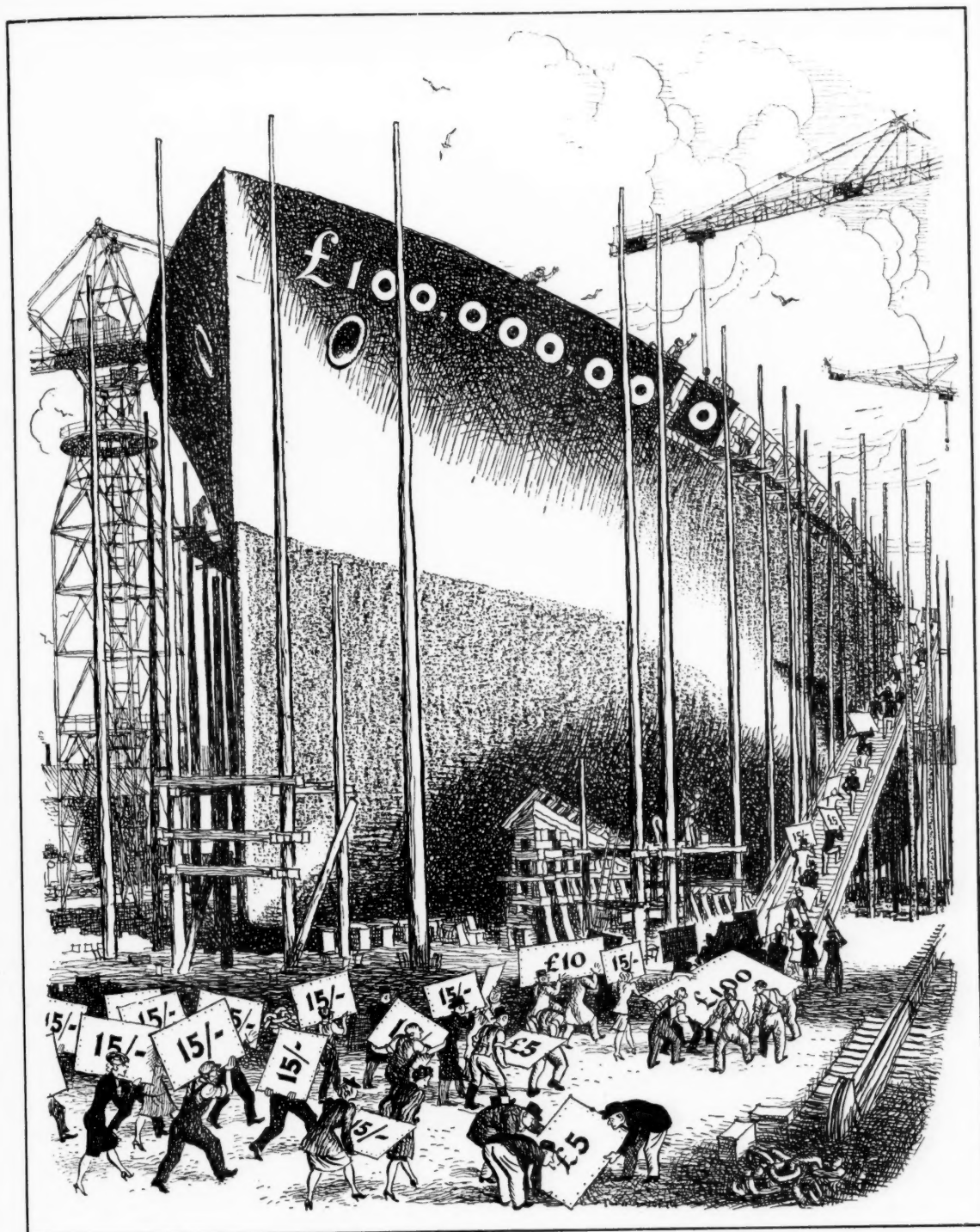
Reconnaissance

Though some complain we stint the war—
Call it a Lull, a Flop, a Bore—
Better than slaughter pleases me
This state of armed photography.

o o

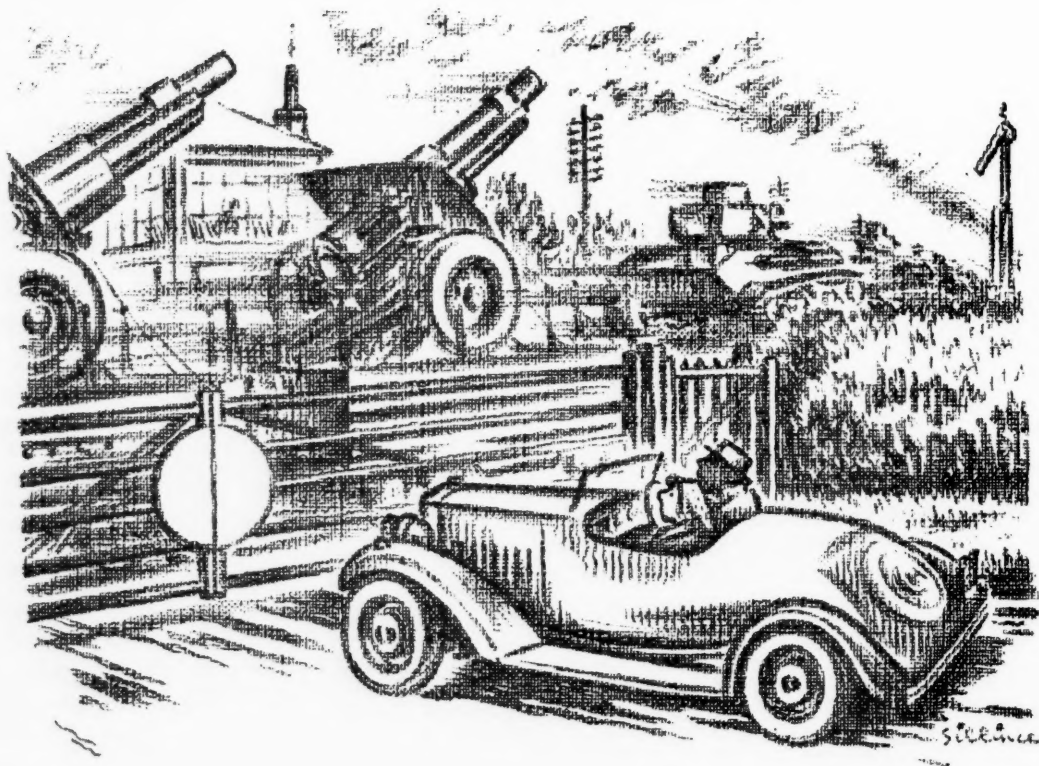
"The Tomb of Pharaoh Psousennes, supposed father-in-law of King Solomon, has been found."—*Daily Mail*.

Well, it's a beginning.



SAVE FOR THE BRAVE

[In recognition of the cheering news that the amount already invested in War Savings Certificates and 3% Defence Bonds has reached a total of £100,000,000, and the number of "Savings Groups" is now 60,000.]



"Makes one realise Britain really has drawn the sword, doesn't it?"

Letters from a Gunner

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Have you by any chance a *Guide to Pig-Keeping*? I want a kind of Ruff's *Guide to the Sty*, with illustrated diagrams; in fact I want to start at the very bottom of this pig business and work my way up. Perhaps, in addition, you might subscribe to the *Pig-Breeders' Gazette* for me, and ravage the Stationery Office for any useful pamphlets on these charming animals. And if you could include something in Horoscopes for Pigs (for I'm sure pigs have horoscopes) . . . Ours has a pronounced one. She was born under the sign of Mars, Venus being in transit. The transit is almost concluded.

There was something more to this pig than a mere desire to avoid the boredom of war. We were going in for salvage in a big way and we thought

that a small pig would be remarkable at salvage.

The trouble started at breakfast one morning when the Colonel, sampling a piece of extraordinarily pleasant ham that had arrived as a gift, said why should we not keep and cure our own pigs. To think is to act with the Colonel, and he had to be tactfully dissuaded from springing to the telephone straight away and phoning everyone we could think of, from the Danish Legation to the Army and Navy Stores, asking for a few live pigs to be sent down on approval. Each battery has a certain amount of swill, and it seemed obvious that each should have a pig to eat it up. That was the first stage of the problem.

Next came the question of housing. We are not so well off in accommodation that we could devote a whole hut,

however small, to the pig. I suggested that we should face facts and, since it seemed very unlikely that we should ever be called upon actually to fire our guns, we should use the gun pits as sties. They are ideal for the purpose. The concrete wall around each would make an excellent pen and, as each has a small concrete ammunition recess inside, proper shelter is provided for the pigs, whatever the weather. This, however, was turned down. It was felt that neither the Brigadier nor the Divisional General would approve, and one could hardly go into action with small pigs littering the floor under the ammunition members' feet.

So we looked for timber. The R.E.s of course had none. They never have anything. Nor, to be fair, had anyone else. Finally we bought a second-hand sty out of the (future) profits of the pig.

Next the pig itself. I have seen a lot of pigs. In fact I am beginning to see differences between one pig and another. One sees that pigs have character and personality. I liked Rachel's personality as soon as I saw it. She stood in her sty looking up in a friendly interested way with an air, I could have sworn, of mild benevolence. In fact a real Baldwin-trained pig, just the type of pig to fall readily in with our patriotic plan.

That was all very well in her own home sty, so to speak. She had, I realised, the defects of her qualities. Her simple faithfulness showed itself at once. She did not care to leave her old master and mistress. In fact my original squad of an N.C.O. and four men were quite unable to persuade her that it was all for the best and that it really was only a short distance to go.

When the move finally took place it was an N.C.O. and a dozen men, and Rachel was persuaded to come with us largely by the aid of a couple of bars and a good deal of rope.

But Rachel is now installed. There have been one or two little mishaps. There was the day, for example, when the guard commander carelessly left her door open and she emerged to confront the Brigadier. He took it in a very soldierly way, even when Rachel, sharing an antipathy with the bull, signified that she disliked red tabs and a red cap-band. After all, the Brigadier was not on the Command Post roof for very long.

Again, Rachel does not care for warfare. We noticed a single hostile plane the other day and, by some stroke of providence, were able to get a round or so off at it. Rachel was most upset. No sign of the old *vivandière* spirit at all. In fact it was that exploit that gained her a name, for she wept. She wept and wailed for most of that night, and refused to be comforted. If only she had heard what the Battery Commander said about her in the mess at breakfast next day!

But I still want the book on pig-keeping. Unfortunately Rachel does not seem to care for our swill very much. We can continue to dispose of that as heretofore, but I should like some guidance in designing a diet that will really appeal to Rachel.

We want her to be happy.

Your loving Son,
HAROLD.

"Wanted, smart girl, 18-20, for confection kiosk live in; reference."

Advt. in Glasgow Paper.

Must be thin, we take it.

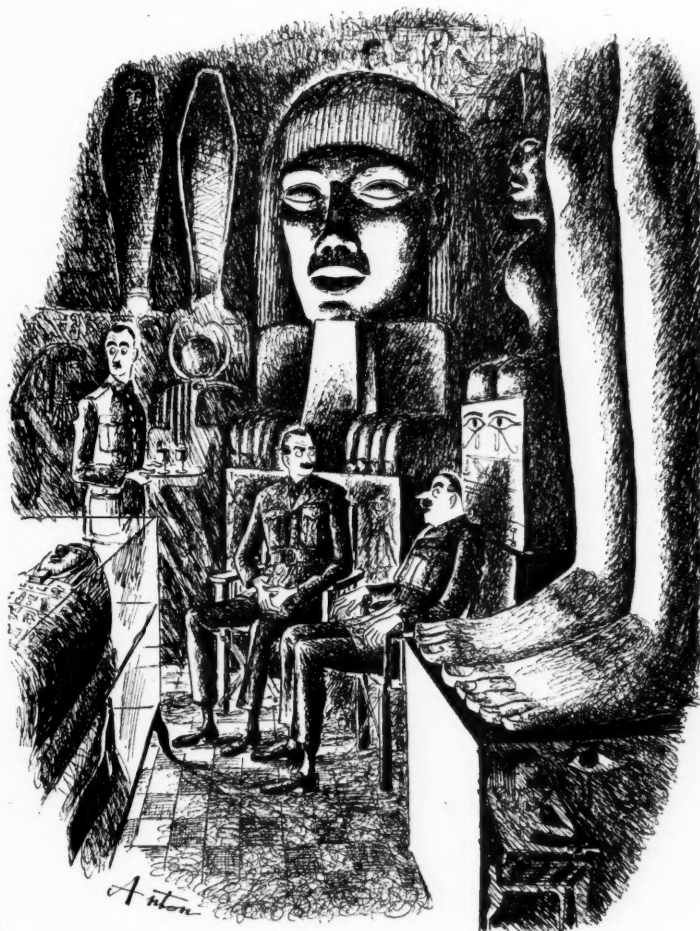
Spring, 1940

GLASS-grown daffodils
from East-coast farms;
Jane fur-booted
with mimosa in her arms.
The wild goose drifts south,
but there's something on his mind;
Winter's hard and white still,
but Spring's close behind.

The sting will be going
from the sun-washed air;
There'll be soft scents, green scents
everywhere.
Crocuses and hawthorn,
and best of all
The burst of pink almond
against red brick wall.

Rhythmic, regular
as anything,
Nature is an extrovert
each new Spring.
When God made men,
with the earth as home,
He made Nature
their metronome.

But for this next Spring
mankind is waiting,
Lips cracked, eyes red
with fear and hating . . .
Mankind a-tiptoe,
listening, apprehensive
That Spring may earn her
epithet—Offensive.



"I'm beginning to wish we'd commandeered somewhere else
for Divisional Headquarters."

The Notebooks of Elkin Doggerel

(*Literary Executor's Note.* I begin this group of extracts with something Elkin Doggerel sent me only yesterday, wrapped round what appears to be a small piece of old candle. The magazine concerned seems to have roused him from his winter sleep. Most of the other items printed below, however, have been strewn about his flat for some time.)

AQUARISTS ALL

It is too long, too long, since I read any of *The Aquarist and Pond-Keeper* (incorporating *The Reptilian Review*), but I find that the March number is full of good reading. At such a time as this it is particularly bracing to take a plunge into its cool pages. As Miss Winifred Watson observes in a letter quoted in the Editorial, "In brief moments, snatched during busy days, our troubled thoughts are refreshed, as we turn, even momentarily, to our fish."

Not that everything in the aquarist's world is always satisfactory. On the opposite page there is a compelling photograph of a lot of frog-spawn, with the caption "Frog-spawn, showing the minute black eggs, each with its individual jelly-like case, the whole forming a mass of jelly exceedingly difficult to handle." I seem to detect a note of irritation in those last words and I feel inclined to stand up for the frog. Difficult to handle! What does the frog do now, apologise? . . . We meet a suggestion of the same attitude in an account of the Malayan Live-bearing Snail. "Most probably this snail's only vice—if we can term it a vice—is its habit of reproducing itself at a truly amazing rate."

Ah, well. Let me end on what might almost be called a musical note with a sentence from an article on the Mayfly. "Remember, the mouth organs are so primitive as to be useless . . ." (*Waiter! Bring me a small hyphen.*)

ADVT.

Assistant wanted. Must be active, because the only way in is under the counter.

MAKES YOU THINK

As I went past the restaurant at about half-past eleven in the morning a group of apparently well-fed ladies was



"Well, to be perfectly honest I'm knitting it for myself."

emerging. One of them sighed happily and cheerfully addressed the others:

"Well, and what shall we have *now*? Lunch?"

PROFILES

(a) His normal expression was that of a bird held in the hand to be photographed.

(b) He would keep cutting off other people's noses to spite his face.

(c) She resents it if the dustman isn't still looking pleased about last year's Christmas box.

MY MUSICAL ABILITY

I did begin to learn the piano in youth, yes. But now the extent of my musical ability is this: I could make a passable shot at hitting the two bits of wood together in a rumba.

IN TRAINING

He insists on interspersing his signature with colons. My belief is that he's working up to be a Bishop.

POET

"I was in despair at the beginning of the war. My job was gone: I used to do that little poem you would see under the heading of *Weather* in some of the newspapers—

'PARIS:
Fair, mild,'

and so on. But it was all right. I was given a no less congenial job. Nowadays they let me draw the little pictures of the moon."

MISPRINT

Oh, yes, there was a good deal of municipal graft. That's why it was so unfortunate, that reference to "the Mayor and his chain of offices . . ."

CRITIC'S COMPLAINT

(i) "So-and-so should not have overlooked that" and (ii) "How I did it I don't know," are supposed to make credible (i) So-and-so's missing of the absolutely obvious and (ii) my doing the absolutely impossible. And the trouble is that, for most readers, they do.

TYPE

It seems to me the sort of thing the Admiralty is always announcing late last night.

TO PUT IT MILDLY

"Delay! Delay! Why, do you know it took us till next Friday to get here?"

EXCUSE

"Well," she said, bending forward a little to help him up out of the debris, "I *told* you it was collapsible."

INNOVATION

The pianist sat down. The singer came on, advanced to the front of the stage, looked round with a winning smile, and said to the audience: "How about getting your coughing over *now*?"

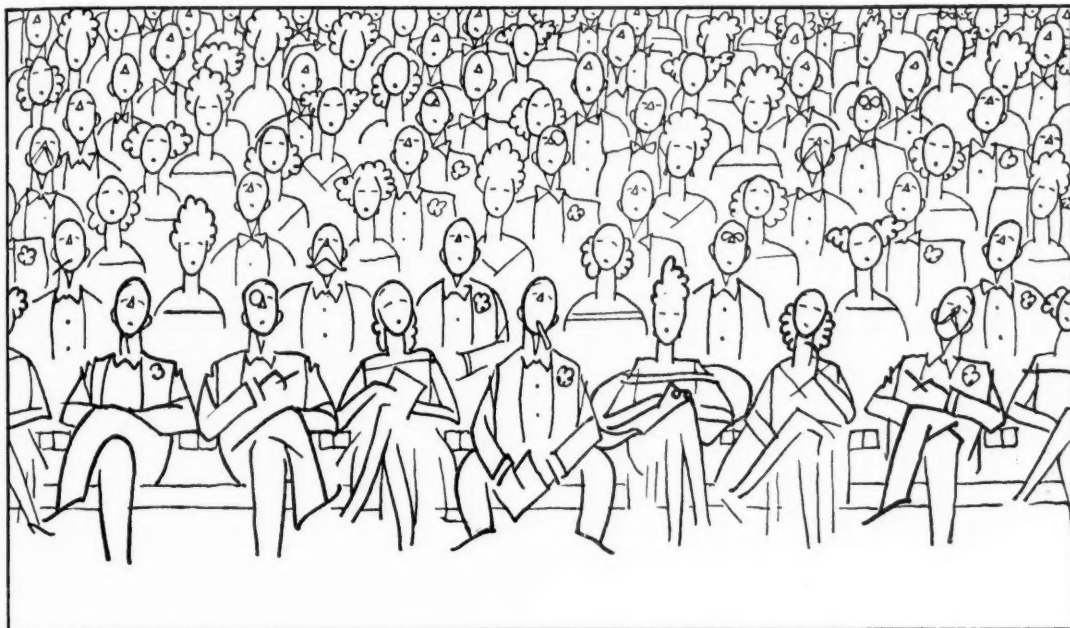
I JUST MENTION IT

It has always seemed to me strange, *peculiar*, if you know what I mean, that Saturday should be merely *the day after to-morrow* from—of all days—Thursday. But think nothing of it; it's probably all for the best.

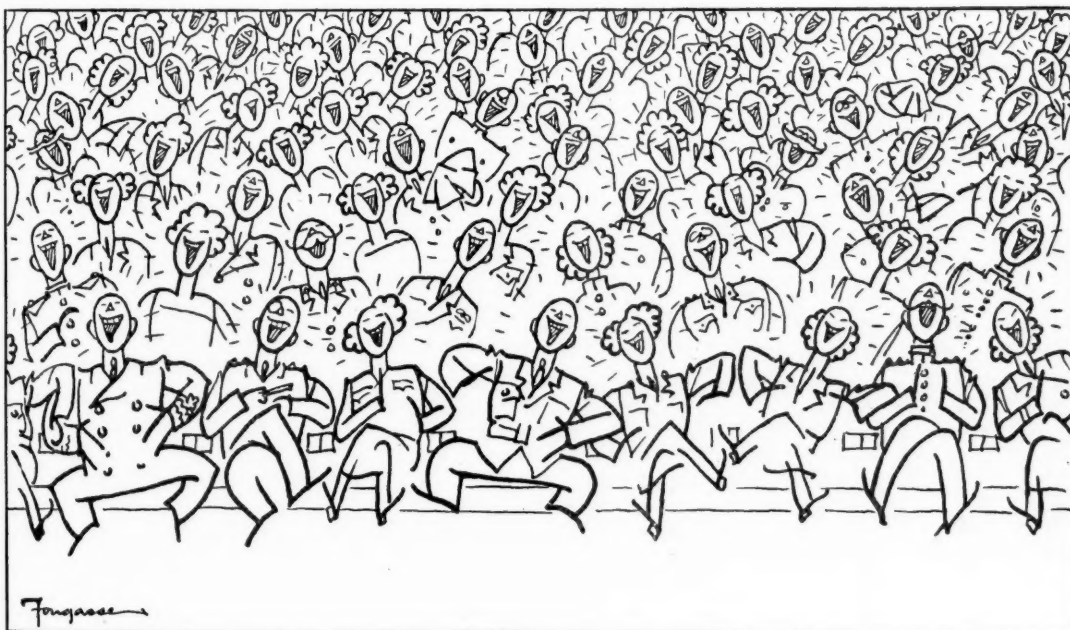
R. M.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

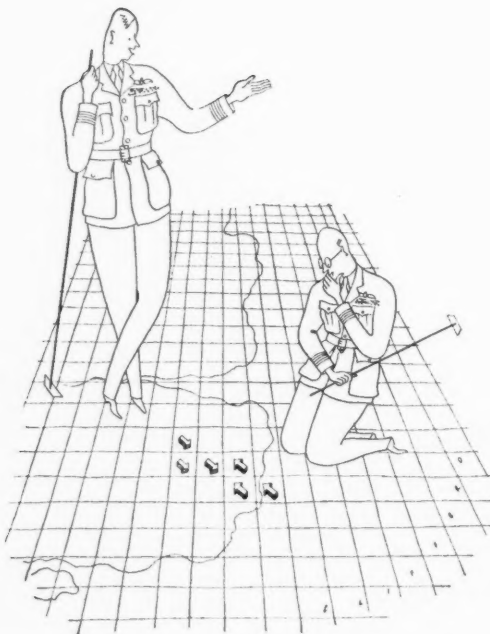
XXVIII.—APPRECIATION



1



2



"Your move, Air Marshal."

Slingsby and Sunday

"THE other thing I wanted to do," said Slingsby (who, having looked in and asked if he could use my telephone, had put through a personal call to Caithness)—"the other thing I wanted to do was to ask you how many continents there are."

"There are five," I said—"Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and little Australia."

"Ever been in any of them?" asked Slingsby casually. I said that I had visited all of them except Australia.

"Ever been in one of these continents over the week-end?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "They're all quite big, you know."

"Time and space," Slingsby retorted with asperity, "are two entirely different things. My question referred only to the former."

"I never said it didn't," I protested. "The point I tried to make was that most chaps, if they go to a continent at all, probably spend more than the inside of a week there."

"I do wish," cried Slingsby in the faint agonising voice of one whose nerves may snap at any minute, "that you wouldn't try to confuse the issue."

"But what is the issue?" I exclaimed. "I want to help you. I've been absolutely frank. I've told you how many continents there are. I've kept nothing back. If you would only tell me what you're driving at—"

Slingsby raised his hand, calling the meeting to order. "I am engaged," he announced, "upon research into the matter of the Continental Sunday."

"Why?"

"You sound to me," said Slingsby in a tone of menace, "as if you underestimated the importance of my self-appointed task." ("No, no," I muttered hastily.) "The

Continental Sunday," continued Slingsby, "—dread canker in the fair body of the British week—has reared its ugly head again. At Bristol, to be exact. Ever been there?"

"No."

"You should try to get about more," said Slingsby severely. "Travel. Circulate. Broaden the mind. Now, about this Continental Sunday: you would agree that the very idea of it is abhorrent to all clean-living Englishmen?"

"I don't know any," I said.

"Come to think of it, nor do I," mused Slingsby. "But they must exist, and in sizeable droves at that. The busy-bodies are always referring to them. It is their wholesome traditions that the Continental Sunday bids fair to undermine."

"But what is the Continental Sunday?" I asked.

"Imbecile!" cried Slingsby, "that is just what I am trying to establish. I thought that you, having visited the principal continents, might give me something to work on. I take it that anyone with your first-hand experience could define a continental climate? Very well. Define a Continental Sunday."

"It's awfully difficult, you know," I began cautiously. "For instance, they don't have Sundays in Asia or in Africa."

"Really? That's bad. What about America? Sunday's set aside for lynching, isn't it?"

"Only in the South," I demurred. One must strive to be objective. "Australia," I continued, "I don't know about. Their Christmas, of course, is very different from ours—"

"Different?"

"Yes. Much hotter. You must have seen them bathing on the news-reels."

"Bathing at Christmas?" Slingsby showed a marked scepticism. "What an extraordinary thing to do! Why do they do it?"

"Partly, no doubt, to keep cool."

"But nobody wants to keep cool at Christmas," Slingsby objected. "At Christmas you want to keep warm."

"I was just telling you," I said, "that in Australia Christmas is hot. It's the other way round."

"Ah, yes. Yes, of course. But look here, you ass," cried Slingsby, suddenly getting angry, "Christmas Day isn't necessarily a Sunday!"

"I never said it was."

"Then why drag in all this nonsense about bathing in Australia? I'm not in the least interested in it, and it's a very unlikely story anyhow. I do wish you'd stick to the point."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said.

"Always stick to the point," urged Slingsby. "Always, all through life, cost what it may. Never ramble." His voice had grown dreamy. "That was how I missed my First at Oxford."

"Through rambling?" I asked. I had not known that Slingsby had been in the running for a First.

"Very largely," he replied, "though I fancy favouritism had something to do with it. I was a sick man too."

"Too bad," I said. "Still, a good Second is really better—"

"Good Second my foot!" cried Slingsby, snapping out of his maudlin mood. "By hard cheating and sheer luck I got a Third."

"Then I don't see what rambling's got to do with it," I said.

Slingsby leered. "Chivalry forbids that I should enlighten you," he answered archly. "Few (and I only wish it were none) know of my *affaire* on Shotover Common with a tinsmith's niece. It was to her that I consecrated that golden afternoon during which the examiners fondly



"Have you read any good tea-cups lately?"

expected that I should be enlarging on my strongest subject, the economic structure of the Holy Roman Empire."

"Oh, *rambling*? I see what you mean," I said.

"Mush on, ninny!" urged Slingsby, another gust of impatience sweeping over him. "We're still a long way from knowing what constitutes a Continental Sunday."

"If you ask me," I ventured, "I think it means a Sunday like they have in France."

"But I thought everybody went to church in France?" said Slingsby.

"They do. But the cafés stay open, and all that sort of thing. You can continue to lead what for the past six days has been considered a high-grade civilised life."

"It wouldn't do to carry on like that here," said Slingsby firmly. "Or would it?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Of course it wouldn't!" cried Slingsby. "Dash it all, we're fighting to preserve England. It wouldn't be England if the populace wasn't debarred as far as possible from access to the sources of refreshment and recreation on Sundays. Think of Leicester Square on Sunday afternoon without whole echelons of Britain's manhood and Britain's girlhood shuffling round waiting for something to open. It wouldn't be the same, would it?"

"It certainly wouldn't," I concurred.

"As for these decadent Frenchified habits——"

"You forget," I said, "that we are heart and soul, hand in glove, and shoulder to shoulder with our sister democracy, France."

"By jove, so I do!" admitted Slingsby, who can at times be broadminded to a fault. "I hadn't thought of that one. I don't like it. I don't like it at all. I had hoped to take the line that one of the things we were fighting for was to

preserve England from the Continental Sunday. But if the French are fighting to preserve France from (among other things) any other kind of Sunday——"

The telephone rang.

"Ah," said Slingsby. "My call to Caithness . . . Hulloo! Hulloo! Is that you, Gerald? It's Slingsby . . . Yes . . . No . . . No . . . Yes . . . I can well believe it . . . Oh, jolly good . . . Really? . . . What bad luck . . . Me? Oh, no. I was only ringing up to ask if you knew how many continents there are . . . Yes, continents . . . How many? . . . Sure you're not exaggerating? I thought . . . Oh, no, Gerald. Not for a moment. Honestly . . . Yes, of course, I'm most grateful . . . Yes, rather . . . Thanks awfully, Gerald . . . Good-bye."

Slingsby replaced the receiver and rounded on me. A woman novelist would most probably have said that his eyes were slits.

"I never liked your story," he hissed. "Gerald says there are thirty-nine continents. I shall have to start all over again."

"I wish you luck," I said.

"Remind me to pay you for that telephone-call."

"I certainly will."

Slingsby laughed. "I wish you luck," he said, and went away. P. F.

Censored

DEAR MOTHER,—This is just to tell

That on the whole I'm very [redacted].

Don't allow the news to leak,

But we're being moved next [redacted]

To a place—you mustn't tell it—

(O.K., Censor, I can't spell it).

The billets here are pretty nifty,

Not many of us—only [redacted].

The weather hasn't been too [redacted],

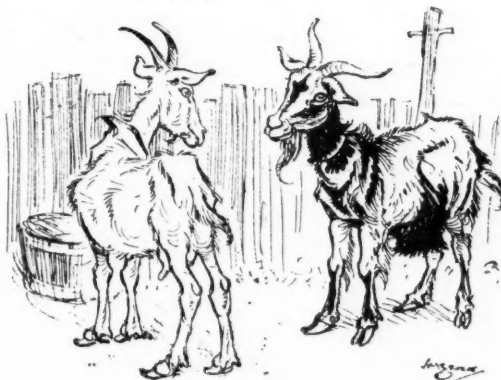
The ponds are covered with an inch of [redacted].

A North-Country batsman—played for [redacted]—

Is here; a driver in the [redacted].

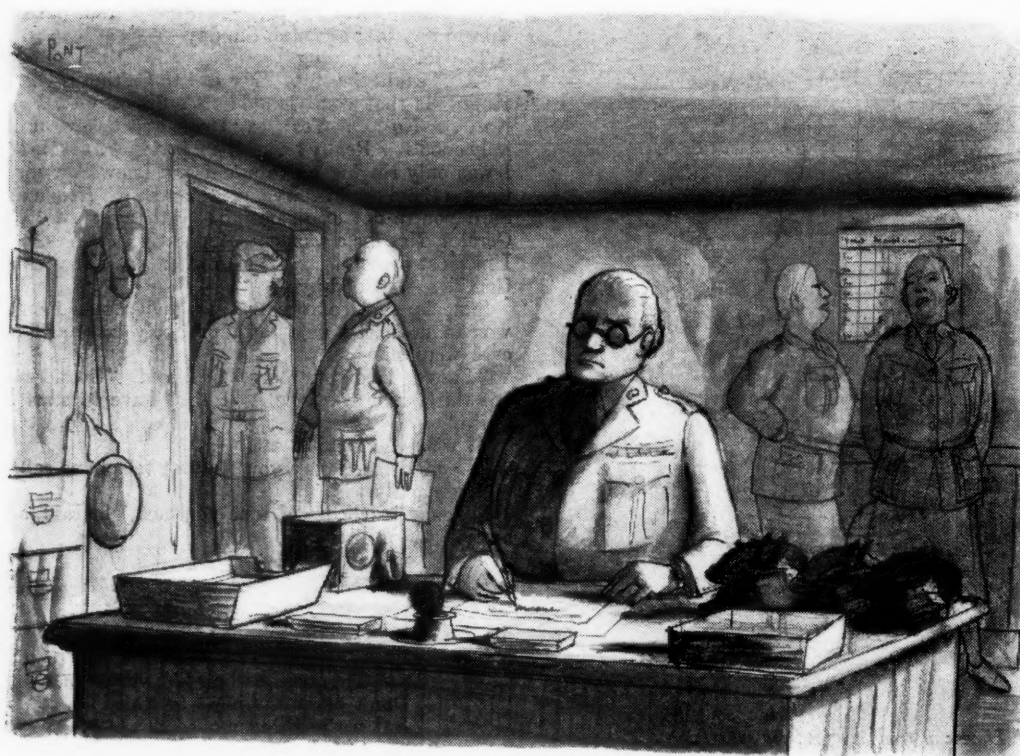
We're trying out a secret [redacted].

So no more now.—Your loving Son.



"What are you doing about your ration book?"

"I'm afraid I must have misunderstood—I've eaten it."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

STRONG TENDENCY OF BRITISH MATRONS TO RISE TO AN OCCASION

Russiprussity

(A Fantasy, translated from the Russian)

V

"ARRIVING in England," began Herr von Robbintrip, "you will at once perceive—"

"One moment, please," said the American anxiously: and for the third time he rummaged in an overflowing suitcase. Room 34 in the great Berlin hotel showed signs of an impending departure. Suitcases, strapped and labelled, were being carried out by the porter. Removing his nose from the last remaining suitcase, the American envoy, who was half-dressed, said wearily: "Would you mind ringing that totalitarian bell?"

"But certainly," replied the German diplomatic wizard. "I was saying," he continued, "that in London you will notice the difference in efficiency, to speak of nothing else, between the democracies and the dynamic states. There everything must be done through their absurd committees and sub-com-

mittees; and there can be no action till there has been a spate of speeches. No leadership. No decision. But here—"

"I did not," said the American, mildly, "detect much sign of committee-work or procrastination in the *Altmark* affair—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mentioned the *Altmark*. Just a touch of decision and leadership there, surely? Only a touch, of course, your Excellency, but—"

"Ah," hissed the wizard, "but that was the infamous Churchill! He is a law unto himself. He does not consult the docile English. He—"

"Well, you can't have it both ways."

"But yes," said the German seriously, "we can have it all ways. In every corner of the German life it is the same. The Leader decides—the Leader speaks—there is an electric

flash throughout the system—and at once the thing is done."

"Well, that's fine," said the American. "But I wonder what they've done with my pants?"

"Your pants?"

"My trousers. My plane goes in an hour. My baggage has gone ahead. The pants in which I design to make the trip are not to be found. My man Mortimer went in search of them, but he has not returned. It may seem to you an old-fashioned democratic prejudice, but I decline to fly to England without my pants. So if the Leader should do one of his electrical acts I should be glad."

"But certainly," said the master of international tact. "I have already with dynamic energy the bell rung. But see, now, how we do things in Germany!"

He took a whistle from his pocket and sharply blew three times. A head

at once peeped out from under the bed. Two policemen entered through the window and one from the bathroom. The door opened and in came twelve young S.P. men in uniform.

They clicked their heels and saluted. The hotel shook. They sang the Horst Wessel song twice. They saluted again, and went out.

"There," said von Robbintrip, beaming, "you will not, I think, in London so virile a response to authority experience."

"It's fine," said the American. "But where are my pants?"

"Pardon. I forgot the pants. I will at once—"

But at that moment there was a knocking on the wall, and the sound of singing.

"What's that?" asked the American.

"It's Number 35."

"But what is the tune? I seem to know it."

"So do I," said the German grimly.

"It's—it is—it's the 'Internationale'! What an extraordinary—"

But the German, his face yellow with fury, was already blowing his whistle. The young men entered again and sang the Horst Wessel song, as usual.

At the end Herr von Robbintrip snapped:

"Protectively arrest the man in the next room."

"And find my pants," said the American.

"The man next door was singing in the night," he continued reflectively. "I wonder who—"

But the S.P. men then returned, a placid prisoner in their midst.

"Mein Gott!" said Robbintrip.

"It's M. Buzzinoff."

"Heil, Comrade!" said the Senior Commissar for Vaguely Assisting the Germans, smiling. "But what is the ideological significance of this episode?"

"You sang. You sang the—"

"I heard your discourse on German efficiency to the American gentleman. (I wonder, by the way, whether any democracy would have been so lacking in efficiency as to put us next to each other). Then I heard the Horst Wessel song. A bad song. About a bad man. A rascal, I believe—"

"Buzzinoff!" bleated Robbintrip, in an attempt at thunder.

"So I thought," said the Commissar, "I might emphasise the solidarity of Russia and Prussia by singing the dear old 'Internationale.' What a song!" And he began to hum again.

"Pardon," said the American. "But where are my pants?"

"You must introduce me," said the Commissar.

The foreign wonder did so.

"Charmed," said the Russian.

"Pleased to meet you," said the American. "But where are my pants? Could these young men, perhaps, demonstrate the efficiency of the Reich by going in search of them?"

"And if possible," said M. Buzzinoff, "could they depart without singing the Horst Wessel song again?"

This, however, was too much to ask. The young men sang their piece and went.

"Talking of efficiency," began M. Buzzinoff, "and talking of the differences between democracy and despotism—"

"Which are you?" said the American sharply; and added "Where are my pants?"

"Both," said the Russian, frankly. "Like the United States. But, as I

was saying, it is odd that you, Sir, should find yourself without trousers, for I, on the other hand, on this sunny morning, am quite devoid of braces!"

"No braces!"

"No braces. But what does it matter?"

"As a matter of fact," said the American, "I have found a strange pair of braces in my room. Are these yours?"

"They are. Thank you. And what a comment upon German efficiency! However, as I have hinted, what do braces matter? What do pants matter?"

"They matter a whole lot," said the American.

"They do so matter," said Robbintrip, "especially if they are taken away."

"But that is the extraordinary thing," said Buzzinoff. "Here are you, Sir, eager to go to England on an historic mission. But you are immobilised, you are powerless, because this one particular garment is absent. So too, in the same case, would be dear Robbintrip. To me, however, this would mean nothing—nothing at all. I pick up a bath-towel, a sheet, a

Sunday newspaper, whatever is near, and so I fly to England, quite happy."

"And I believe," said the German nastily, "that you equip your army on the same principle."

But the Russian ignored this unjust remark.

"This," he said placidly, "is to be efficient truly—to get there without the trousers. The American, without the trousers, will not start at all. The German is so busy showing off his trousers he forgets to start. But the Russian—and the Englishman—they are different. I think," he continued dreamily, "that the English are the most efficient people in the world."

"What!" shouted the German, apoplectically. "That decadent democracy! Efficient?"

"Where are my pants?" said the American.

"*Pravda*," said the Russian. "True. A people that can do so much under the handicaps of such a system must evidently be highly gifted. And there is something in the system too. Consider the present difficulty. In England, if the trousers of the American missionary were missing, the affair, by this time, would be all over the country. Every paper would have the story, there would be a question in the Parliament, and they would be setting up committees and courts of inquiry. The scandal would be hunted down, the trousers would be found. But here all is secret; no one knows that the trousers are lost—"

"And no one," said the American, "seems to care."

"There must be muddles," said the Commissar, "in the affairs of men: but never did I see such muddles as I have seen on this delightful visit."

Herr von Robbintrip exploded into his whistle. The young men entered and sang "We March against England."

The diplomat barked at them:

"Where are the American's trousers?"

"We can find no trousers."

"Where is the American's servant?"

"He was arrested in error and sent with iron promptitude to Sachsenhausen."

"Order the aeroplane to wait!"

"The aeroplane has already departed."

* * * * *

"What colour were the trousers?" asked M. Buzzinoff curiously.

"Blue."

"There was an odd pair of blue trousers in my room," said the Russian. "I remember packing them. I wondered whose they were."

A. P. H.



"Well! If I'm not waked jolly soon I'll be late for school."



"Anybody want Lord's Cricket Ground?"

Behind the Lines

XXIV.—The Patriot

THE weather: One must keep it dark,
And I was wrong to say,
On rising with the oldest lark,
"Oh, *what* a lovely day!"
"O all ye little hills, exult!"
I cried aloud on Wednesday ult.,
And by this innocent remark
I gave the show away.

Well, there it was, the day was fine;
The surest of our clocks
Had fixed the hour (by striking 9)
At 10.15 approx.,
And by 11 I should be
Caparisoned upon the tee
In trousers of a spring design
And regimental socks.

At breakfast—and the gods forbid
The meal I love the most
Should dwindle—there were (*semper id*)
Two scrambled eggs on toast.

I ate, and swore "By Slav and Serb
My golf to-day shall be superb!
I'll play like Cotton," and I did
An 84 at most.

If I tell Hitler how I made
The ball pull up and stop
Stone dead at each approach I played,
Will he tell Ribbentrop?
Shall Goering know (I think he
should)
How accurate I was with wood?
Need any golfer be afraid
Of talking golfers' shop?

He need not; and no secrets now
Come oozing out from me,
And when the wind is East by Sou',
I say it's Sou' by E;
And oh! my lips are tightly sealed
About our forces in the field—
For all I talk about is *How*
I did an 83. A. A. M.



THE SORCERER'S SONG

"Oh! my name is John *Washington* Welles—
I'm a dealer in magic and spells."



THE SWEEPERS OF THE SEA

MR. PUNCH. "RISKY WORK, ISN'T IT?"
 TRAWLER SKIPPER. "THAT'S WHY THERE'S A HUNDRED THOUSAND
 OF US DOING IT."

1916 and 1940

Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

YOU are asked to think of the Navy at sea, the men in the trenches, the men flying, the men in mine-sweepers, searchlight posts, anti-aircraft stations. All are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They need Balaclava helmets, stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats.

Mr. Punch has already distributed large quantities of materials of all kinds, but there is a great deal more to be done and the need for woollen articles is still very urgent. Every penny subscribed will be used for the comfort of

the men serving, or Hospital patients, and no expenses whatever will be deducted. Though we know well that these are days of privation and self-denial for all, we yet ask you, those who can, to send us donations, large or small, according to your means; for experience in the last war has proved a hundred times over how urgent is the call and how invaluable is the assistance that can be rendered. Will you please address all contributions and inquiries to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4.

Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, February 26th.—Commons: Money Resolution of Old Age Pensions Bill agreed to.

Tuesday, February 27th.—Lords: Industrial Assurance Bill taken in Committee.

Commons: Navy Estimates Debate.

Wednesday, February 28th.—Lords: Debate on Inflation.

Commons: Pensions Bill taken in Committee.

Thursday, February 29th.—Lords: Debate on Agriculture.

Commons: Pensions Bill taken in Committee.

Monday, February 26th.—That gallant band of sportsmen, the German Air Force, is going to find its favourite game of machine-gunning British fishermen rather too unpleasant for its taste now that trawlers are being armed. Mr. SHINWELL tried to suggest that the machine-guns we had sent to Finland should have gone straight to the trawlers; but Mr. SHAKESPEARE assured him that those which had gone to Finland were not very suitable for the defence of small vessels.

After the row in the House last week stimulants have been rapidly applied to King Coal, and his circulation is nearly back to normal. Mr. BERNAYS told the House that over the week-end the L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. had pulled no fewer than 52,405 wagons of coal—half a million tons—away from collieries. Special trains from Northumberland, Durham and the Midlands are carrying on with the good work.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON's allegation that intermediaries were offering to get Government contracts for manufacturers on a commission basis was not denied by Mr. BURGIN, who said that he had done his best to discourage the practice and had asked the police to investigate it. He added he was considering how to strengthen the law so as to make it a criminal offence.

More rude things were said about the Government's Old Age Pensions Bill when its Money Resolution was taken to-day, Unionist Members joining in the fun. The Means Test for supplementary pensions was the trouble, the Opposition being solidly against it as a foment of domestic bitterness, and

Colonel BURTON and Sir WILLIAM ALLEN begging the Government to be a little more generous. Mr. RHYS DAVIES, who led the Labour attack, insisted that society had not yet grasped the problems which arose from our living on an average fifteen years

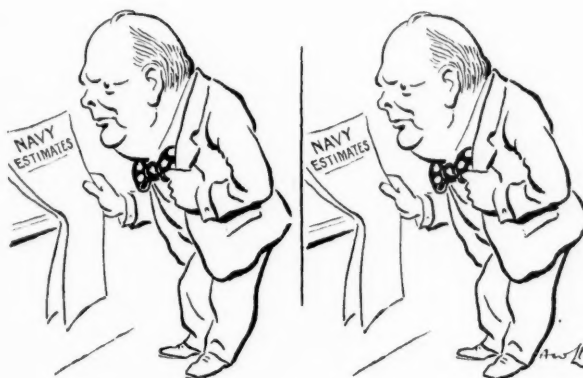
long as you wrap up the insult in a neat verbal parcel, which can be as transparent as you like. This is a happy tradition and splendid practice in the dying art of using words. This afternoon, for instance, when Mr. JOSEPH HENDERSON declared that the "old school tie" was still rampant in the Army, and Mr. STANLEY retorted that this statement was "quite untrue," the House shouted its horror at such plain speaking; but when Mr. STANLEY apologised and gave the amended opinion that the statement was merely "wholly inaccurate," Members sat back and breathed again. Another way, recognised as decent form, of conveying the same sentiment was used by the P.M. in reply to Sir JOSEPH LEECH, who accused the Government of too tough a policy of hardening the troops; he said the suggestion "could not be too strongly repudiated."

Introducing the Navy Estimates was a fine afternoon out for Mr. CHURCHILL.

The House was packed for its brightest entertainer, and listened to a most satisfactory account of progress at sea. In time of war no figures are given in the Estimates, but Mr. CHURCHILL made a special point of his anxiety that the Parliamentary Committee watching Admiralty costs should be given every facility.

The campaign against U-boats was going well, he said. Not only were they being steadily sunk but Germany was not building them as quickly as had been expected. Supposing she had ended the year with forty-five, of these twenty would be required for training and of the remaining twenty-five probably not more than ten were operating at one time. At the peak of 1917 the comparative figure had been sixty. Moreover, a big fleet of small offensive craft would begin to leave our yards this summer, and the rate of merchant shipbuilding was to go up sharply. Thanks to the ingenuity of our scientists and the courage of our fishermen the magnetic mine was being mastered, and now that fishing boats were being armed the German Air Force was already pressing its murderous attacks less keenly.

Mr. CHURCHILL was at pains to point out in what good stead our big battle-ships were standing up by keeping enemy cruisers bottled up. Although all our battleships were old, five



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

1915 | 1940

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

longer than our ancestors of a century ago. The House, which seemed not to have heard this news, was obviously much cheered by it.

Tuesday, February 27th.—You can call a man anything in the Commons so



ST. GEORGE OF BOW AND BROMLEY

(After Dürer's "St. George")

Mr. Lansbury takes up arms once more against the Means Test.



"The '74, is it not, Master Vintner?"

modern ones marvellously protected against bomb and torpedo would shortly be in commission. Not that the old ones were badly armoured, for the secret could now be out that the *Barham* had been torpedoed and the *Nelson* struck by a magnetic mine, and yet both had got back to port under their own steam. Winter difficulties had been increased by the fact that since the sinking of the *Royal Oak*, Scapa Flow had not been used; but all branches of the Navy had stood up magnificently to appalling weather conditions. Contraband control was being constantly tightened, and our losses of merchant ships compared very favourably with those in the first six months of the last war.

No one could grumble very much at that. Sir ROGER KEYES begged for a separate Naval Air Service, and there was a feeling that salvage arrangements might be better; but in his reply to the debate Mr. SHAKESPEARE announced the formation of a new salvage department at the Admiralty. As to a change in air control, he thought the Admiralty had its hands full enough for the present.

Wednesday, February 28th.—A rather good debate in the Lords this afternoon

ranged over the methods which could be employed to prevent wages and prices chasing each other in a rising spiral. Lord BALFOUR asked the Government to state the steps they were taking to restrict civilian consumption, and suggested that Mr. KEYNES' plan of compulsory saving might be the only alternative to inflation. Lord STAMP told the House that consumption per head was still much more than it was in the last war, and that what we had to reduce to our utmost was competition between the Services and the civilian population. Lord SWINTON urged that the public needed to be told more accurately what, and what not, to buy.

For the Government, Lord HANKEY replied that Mr. KEYNES' plan was being considered, but he doubted if an approach which was purely financial could solve the problem. Family allowances were being investigated.

After Members of all parties had upbraided Mr. MACDONALD for the Government's decision to issue regulations controlling the transfer of land in Palestine without waiting for the views of the League Council, the House returned to Pensions, of which it is a little tired.

Thursday, February 29th.—The Lords, who paid many tributes to the late Lord BAYFORD, were much more polite about the Agriculture Bill than the Commons had been, and quite cheerfully gave it a Second Reading. Lord BLEDISLOE, who welcomed it, thought all Parties should unite in declaring that agriculture should not be allowed to collapse again as it did after the last war.

But shan't we always forget about agriculture until suddenly we find we need it desperately?

Evidence being brought by the Duke of MONTROSE that at ports and stations sailors and soldiers in transit were miserably uncomfortable, Lord COHAM admitted that during the Great Frost conditions had been pretty bad, but described how much was being done by the War Office and the philanthropic societies to provide beds and hot food.

The untrammelled activities of the Peace Pledge Union troubled Conservative Members of the Commons, who found Sir JOHN ANDERSON still being watchful; but he promised to deal himself with the case of the young German, said to be violently anti-Nazi, who had been found photographing a crashed aeroplane.

Housekeeping

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A great many jokes have been made about the efforts of husbands temporarily deprived of their wives to "keep house." My own view is that all this propaganda is subsidised by some Feminist League in self-defence, because the fact of the matter is that when a man is left in charge of a house the very first discovery he makes is that his wife's ideas of housekeeping are archaic and unpractical. At first when my wife went away I supposed that the low quality of her housekeeping was probably unique, but I have since compared notes with two neighbours, whom for safety's sake I will call Smith and Wilson, and they have come to the same broad conclusion as myself, i.e., that women do not know how to keep house.

To go over the whole field of discovered errors is impossible in a short letter, but I can give a few examples. Ranged on the mantelshelf in the kitchen I found nine large green tins, all bearing the word SUGAR in gold letters. Naturally, being alone, I dispensed with the formality of a sugar-basin, and on the first morning I carried one of these tins into the breakfast-room with the other impedimenta of the meal. I poured out a cup of tea and then, reading the paper at the same time, removed the lid of the tin and allowed a modicum of the contents to dribble into my cup. It was not until I drank the stuff that I found the tin had contained a selection of nails, tin-tacks, old curtain-rings, hinges, screws, etc. Subsequent investigation proved that the other eight tins contained starch, custard-powder, rice, sago, cigarette-cards, matches, beer-bottle stoppers and soap. The sugar was kept in another tin in the pantry labelled MIXED SPICES.

My wife had left me strict instructions on various points, and in almost every case they proved to be absurd and uneconomic. "Wash up after every meal," she said. I did so at first, and then worked out that it was a pure waste of hot water to do so. By allowing the crockery to accumulate for ten days I reckon I halved the gas-bill.

Again: "Always empty the teapot immediately after use." I soon saw how absurd this was. My own method was simply to drain off the liquid and allow the leaves to remain in the pot, adding new leaves as required. After a week or so tea made in this way attains a strength and power hitherto unknown. The peculiar flavour is perhaps an acquired taste, but the

saving of labour and tea thus effected is surely a valuable contribution to winning the war. Again: "Dust the rooms every day." I tried this at first, but I found it did just as well to dust once a week. Moreover, after a week, dusting is much easier, because you can see the dust so much better.

I cannot speak highly, either, of my wife's methods of dealing with tradesmen. Apparently she used to make a point of being at home when they called with goods, so that she could answer the door to them. This obviously means a lot of unnecessary hanging about, and I have instructed the various boys, if I am out, just to throw the goods through the bath-

room window. They enjoy doing it, and apart from one occasion when I was lying in the bath doing *The Times* crossword-puzzle and received a cottage loaf full in the face, the system has worked well.

My friends Smith and Wilson could provide plenty of additional evidence that the masculine brain is admirably adapted to raise the general standard of housekeeping in this country, but probably I have said enough. After careful thought I have decided that anonymity is perhaps the wisest course, and so, while enclosing my card, I sign myself,

Yours faithfully,
EVACUWIDOWER.



"There! Now say I didn't bring you back a present!"

At the Play

"THE LIGHT OF HEART" (APOLLO)

I THINK this is Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS' best play, and it is acted so well that it provides one of those rare evenings which make you wish a few quiet minutes for reflection could follow the final Curtain instead of the lights and the cheering. His stature as a serious dramatist is steadily growing. The roots of this play go deeper than those of any of his previous works, and yet nothing is sacrificed of the theatrical effectiveness and sure use of humour which mark all he writes. With his knowledge of the stage and his acute sense of plot he has a most enviable equipment; this play shows a broadened and matured feeling for humanity. It is a quiet play, but very exciting.

Maddoc Thomas is the centre, an old soak. He has been a very good actor and getting better before the drink got him and pulled him down to one squalid room which he shares with his crippled daughter *Catrin* at the top of a house in Long Acre. Here he is at home at all hours of the day and night to the jetsam of the local pubs. He is a man with a fine dry brain and a sardonic sense of humour, generous in everything except consideration for his daughter, who has given up professional music to look after him. A chance miraculously offers. One of his admirers in his famous days has come into money and, backing a musical comedy, suggests him for a part which is just large enough not to be an insult and yet small enough for him to remember. *Robert*, a young composer also living in the Long Acre house, has done the score. With the utmost difficulty *Catrin* persuades her father to make the effort. He pulls himself together and his come-back is successful. Fifteen pounds a week, the room done up, new clothes for both of them; *Thomas* gets confidence in himself again and lays off whisky. His performance is so good that Mr. COCHRAN (the use of real names throughout this play is an uncomfortable

trick), staging *King Lear* at Covent Garden, offers him the name part. *Catrin* again persuades him. She coaches him and mothers him and laughs at

him until at the dress rehearsal he gives a staggeringly good performance. In the meantime she and *Robert* have fallen in love and decided to get married, but not to tell him until after his first night, as they will have to leave very soon for America. A few hours before the show he learns by chance of their intention and, absolutely broken at the thought of being without *Catrin*, goes out and gets drunk, much too drunk for *King Lear*. Fighting at last for her own happiness, *Catrin* determines to carry on with her wedding; but her resolve melts before her father's gentle resignation when he sobers up. He overhears her telling *Robert* she has changed her mind, and goes and throws himself to his death.

All this is exceedingly well told. The relationship between father and daughter is described with deep insight and sympathy; one fully understands how *Catrin* is chained to *Thomas* as much by his invincible charm and the echoes of his greatness as by her own strength of character. The scenes between *Catrin* and *Robert* are also beautifully done, and Mr. WILLIAMS has handled the tense atmosphere of theatrical preparation with expert skill. He is his own producer.

The acting is exemplary, and that of the three main parts very fine indeed. In failure, Mr. GODFREY TEARLE makes *Thomas* tragic but still big, and in success authentic. The last scene he plays magnificently. Never for a moment does Miss ANGELA BADDELEY let *Catrin* appear either sloppy or a prig; her acting is delightfully natural, and when *Catrin's* steel-hatched emotions are released she proves once again the extent of her range. Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND's part as the unconventional suitor is not an easy one but he carries it off completely.

The minor characters are as carefully cast. Miss ELLIOT MASON's sketch of an elderly but forceful gallery-girl is excellent, and so are Miss GLADYS HENSON's *Landlady*, Mr. EDWARD REES's Welsh *Constable*, Miss MEGS JENKINS' blowsy lady of the town and Mr. ARTHUR POWELL's pathetic specimen of pub-drift. ERIC.



CUPID TAKES HIS NIBBLICK

Catrin MISS ANGELA BADDELEY
Robert MR. ANTHONY IRELAND



THE END OF A PARTNERSHIP

Maddoc Thomas MR. GODFREY TEARLE
Catrin MISS ANGELA BADDELEY

The Lifted Bar

(The Bishop of Manchester has announced that there need be nothing wrong in a girl kissing a soldier)

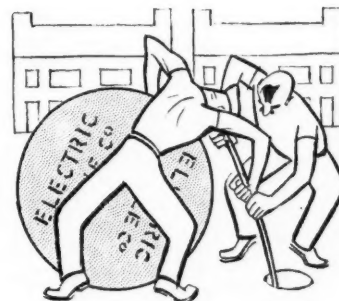
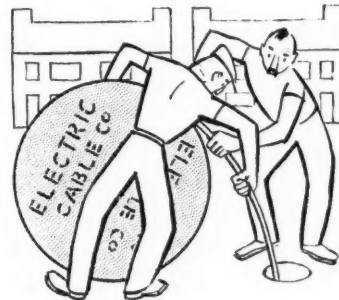
FROM a very early day
 There has been a settled ban
 On the Tommy, Private A.,
 As a most immoral man;
 Though unluckily endued
 With ingratiating traits
 In his manners he was lewd
 And licentious in his ways,
 And a girl of nubile age
 Was instructed by the sage
 (Aunt or mother) "Now remember what you're told, dear;
 You can give a modest inch
 To civilians at a pinch,
 But you mustn't, no, you mustn't, kiss a soldier."

Be it far from me to urge
 That the warrior as such
 Was a terror and a scourge
 Though it doesn't matter much,
 For our wary English maids,
 As we gather, mostly found
 The professions and the trades
 Did them pretty well all round;
 But to-day, beyond a doubt,
 That advice has petered out
 And they find it getting mouldier and mouldier,
 And the thing they ask is this:
 "Who the dickens can we kiss
 For there's hardly anyone who's not a soldier?"

But the cry for counsel came
 To a Bishop in his see,
 And he thought he ought to frame
 An episcopal decree;
 So he balanced *pro* and *con*,
 And the - 'gainst the +,
 And with much debate thereon
 He adjudicated thus:
 "We are changing very fast,
 And the present's not the past,
 And a new year's very different from its old year,
 And I question if a soul
 Is imperilled on the whole
 By some seemly osculation with a soldier."

So he spake. And at a guess
 One may hazard that the word
 As it's flashed across the Press
 Will bear fruit where'er 'tis heard,
 And the land should thank the day
 When a prelate raised the ban
 That has blackened Thomas A.
 As a most immoral man;
 And the girls will doubtless show
 Their approval of the go
 Of His Lordship, whom they'll speak of as an old dear,
 And I'm sure, could this be done,
 They'd rejoice to give him one
 In the intervals of toying with a soldier.

DUM-DUM.





"You asked for five, Sir, but she'll only take four. Will you drive round a bit and come back for the other one?"

Patronage

YESTERDAY I was a man like other men but to-day I am a patron. Of course I have been a patron of the Majestic Palace for some years, but this is different. I am a patron of the Arts. I do not mean I am one of those fat-pocketed fur-coated men who buy pictures by the gross and don't know them from pick-axes. Nor am I one of those people who walk up to a picture and see in a flash that "Mr. Palermo has tried to reconcile the hesitant lyricism of his approach with a measured incisiveness of tone relationship." But then I know Mr. Palermo never did any such thing. He and I don't need to talk like that. We are artists; not quite in the same way, because he paints goddesses several yards high and wide, and I was once assistant to a man who whitened teeth for tooth-paste photographs, but we are both artists at heart none the less. This means that when we say a thing is good, it is good and stays good until we stop saying it, just as the Albert Memorial has stopped being good but would start again the moment Mr. Epstein gave the word.

The proper way to become a patron is to beard artists in their dens, preferably when they are reduced to one tube of paint and worn to an ultra-marine shadow. Here, lurking in the bath or blacking out the window, you may

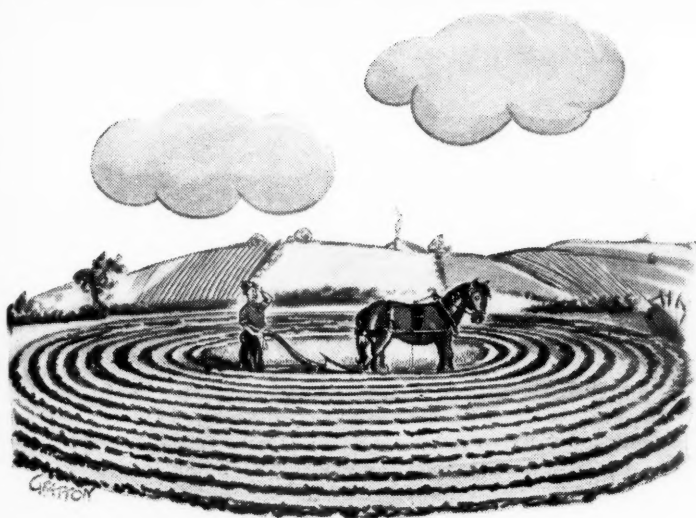
discern masterpieces which the artist is only too thankful to see the last of—especially the ones in the bath, which can now be used for some more useful purpose, such as putting socks in. There are more works of genius going begging in baths than there are in all the galleries put together.

Bearing this in mind I paid a visit to the studio-cum-cistern of Trilby Gooseflesh, the surrealist painter whom I knew to be having difficulty in making both ends of a sardine meet. I at once spotted Gooseflesh among a host of the usual hangers-on helping him out with his last bottle of beer. He was conspicuous, with his flowing beard and smock, and was delighted to learn that I contemplated buying his stuff. It was not until he started taking down particulars in a notebook that I realised that the man was a traveller in grain. The real Gooseflesh was a little fellow in a check suit with a large cavalry moustache. I could tell at once that he was a real artist from the fact that he could never remember what any of the objects in his pictures were or why he had come to paint them. Ask an amateur why he has given a cherubim a red nose and he will at once launch into a complicated explanation, but your true artist will have forgotten. I wouldn't mind betting that Mr. Masfield has forgotten why

he must go down to the sea again. Gooseflesh himself was equally pleased to learn I was prepared to buy a picture. He implored me to take the lot but, as I had only a small car and his pictures ran into hundreds and hundreds ran into them, I declined.

Finally I narrowed down my choice to an interior which was being used to draw up the fire and a landscape which the grain merchant was standing on. I chose the latter partly as it was in a frame and partly as I dislike interiors, particularly interiors of rabbits. I will not try to describe my picture here, as it contained so many miscellaneous objects that half an hour with the catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores will give the reader more idea of it than I can in the space at my disposal. Suffice it to say it was a picture in a hundred—two hundred and three to be exact.

The thing, however, that really drew me to the picture was the fact that one little corner of the blotting-paper on which Gooseflesh always painted had been left bare, and he at once asked me if there was anything particular I would like to have there. I'm afraid I was so shocked by what I took to be rather a cheap trick of salesmanship that I missed a fine opportunity of showing my quick-wittedness and sympathy with his work and aims by flashing back that I would like the Fire of London or an army sock. Better still I should have asked for a portrait of myself and then, when Gooseflesh's work had become famous through my patronage, I would be able to point to the picture and say "That's me," rather as a man might point to the Venus de Milo and say "That's my governess." Instead I assured the man that he probably knew more about it than I did, a retort which was as weak as it was untrue. However, when the thing was completed and the gap filled in by what I at first took to be an ants' nest but later came to love as a helping of braised mutton, I soon realised that there was nothing to stop me from claiming that this was my portrait. A man of Gooseflesh's talent would probably have seen me if not as a piece of braised mutton at any rate as something similar, such as, for instance, a piece of braised beef. At any rate Gooseflesh would have forgotten. He would probably have forgotten me and I would probably have forgotten him. It is rather important to forget one's protégés, otherwise they turn up years later and look at what you still like to think of as your masterpiece and say "Oh, that frightful old thing!" On the other hand, if you have come to the same conclusion



"Dang it, Nelly, we'em been day-dreaming."

yourself and thrown the picture on the fire they are never as pleased as their attitude would lead one to expect.

I shall never forget when Harmodius Tripp gave us a delightful little water-colour he had painted in Sicily. Some years later he decided to look us up in Ealing. His picture was waiting for him in the hall, but it was only too obvious where it had been folded and used as a wedge for the door, and it would have been better to have said that we had sold it to the Tate.

However, there is no question of folding up this picture. It is too hard for one thing. For another it is not one of those pictures that you do things to: it is the kind that does things to you. When it came to-day I saw at once that several alterations would have to be made. I should have to take down the signed portrait of Olivia de Havilland and the college football group. I couldn't let the picture catch me with a pipe-rack or fox's brush. The curtains too would have to come down; also the carpets, the furniture and of course the house. Nothing short of one of those Swiss sanatoriums they have in architectural magazines could do justice to Gooseflesh's art. My life would be influenced in other little ways. There would be no question of becoming a haulage contractor or a bishop. I could not marry a simple outdoor girl who never wore the right clothes for the picture and stuck up calendars next to it. I would have to have some startling companion, some exotic flower of a girl to help entertain the extra-

ordinary people who would crowd round me on the strength of my picture and the other pictures I would buy—all helping me to lead that richer and fuller life I had hitherto only achieved after dinner on pay-days. And even if my resources are drained through my patronage I shall still have my picture to brighten up the casual ward of the workhouse.

o o

Sale by Auction

ON wold and heath and moorland,
on corn and grass and fen,
a new March comes with busy
winds
and spring sales start again.

The posters fill the hoardings
and catalogues are mailed
to say another farmer
is quitting or has failed.

The cars line up the lane-side,
the harness-ring is roped,
the sheep are penned in twenties,
the shepherd's saddle's soaped;

the implements for row on row
start at the paddock gate;
the horses wear their raffia
and hanging halters wait;

and scrap from hole and corner
is pulled out in the yard
and heaped around the stackyard
pond
which once was frozen hard;

the cattle in the fold-yard,
full-coated in the thaw,
are numbered for the hammer
and milling in the straw.

The auctioneer comes with his stick.
the clerk comes with his pen—
the stock and produce of the farm
are changing hands again. . . .

There's tragedy in quitting,
no matter what about:
retirement or failure,
a family dying out;

or quarrels with a landlord;
or neighbours causing bother
and giving up a holding
to start upon another.

For all are not successful,
and no line lives for ay,
and debts and landlords, fights, old
age,
must have a settling-day.

But this farmhouse and buildings,
the land they stand upon,
know that another farmer
will come and carry on.

o o

All in the Day's Work

Extract from an essay by a boy of nine on
"A Day in the Life of a Rabbit": "It was in
early spring-time, and I and my wife had
just given birth to half a dozen children of
all ages."





"'E says 'e wants yer opinion on the legal aspect of it, Sir. Just before bein' called up 'e was bound over to keep the peace."

American Slang

A Glossary for Elder Readers

BEFORE we go another word farther, run pack a bag, since I have been given to understand that American hotels are absolutely teeming with slang of their own and I want to get to the nearest one while the teeming lasts. If they're going to choose up teems, I want to be in on it. So for the last teem, are you coming along or not? Very well, then, let's go. Upon arriving at the hotel we find its lobby overrun with

Lobby-lice. Loungers who sit around twiddling their thumbs and staring at one another in hotel lobbies (*syn.*: lobby-lizards). (When they're bashful and change colour when anyone stares at them boldly they are of course known as lobby-chameleons.) Behind the desk is a young man who straightens the pens around on the blotter and

fiddles importantly with the register as we approach. This young man is known as the

Key-jammer. Key clerk. We sign the register, giving our names as Charles Lamb, Charles James Fox and James Wolfe, and then tell him we would like to look at a nice double room, whereupon we automatically become

Shows. Prospective guests; persons who want to be shown a room. The key-jammer calls, "Front!" and our little group is augmented by a

Stair-clerk. Bell-boy. The particular one who obeys the key-jammer's crisp military command is known as the

Front boy. The bell-boy who is next on call (*syn.*: head-end, stick). Idle bell-boys line up in order and rotate at their work. Like whirling dervishes?

Don't be silly. What I mean is, the front boy is given the next task which is likely to result in a tip and is therefore to be desired—a task such as carrying a guest's bags (or the guest himself, if he's been having a few) up to his room. When he returns from this task he goes to the end of the line and becomes, logically enough,

Last boy. The bell-boy who is last on call, and who is given, if any develops, the

Dead work. Work not likely to result in a tip. But here, we can't stand around the desk all day blocking things, so our bell-boy picks up our bags and we follow him to the

Gun. Lift, which is under the personal management of an

Indoor aviator. Lift operator (*syn.*: jockey, up-and-down Charley). In

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accordance with the rigid caste system prevailing among hotel employees, up-and-down Charleys are generally looked down on by stair-clerks (despite the fact that few persons are likely to rise higher in hotel work, if it's a tall hotel), yet without them the bell-boy and we shows would be forced to

Climb the cleats. Climb the stairs (*syn.*: tickle the cleats). Stepping out of the gun when it reaches our floor (it is considered bad manners and hard on the clothes to step out before then), we follow our stair-clerk to our

Cave. Guest room (*syn.*: kennel, stall). When a bell-boy refers to guest-rooms in this fashion it is hard to tell whether he is showing contempt for the rooms or for the beings who occupy them. The only comforting thought for both hotel-manager and guest is that he probably has both possibilities in mind. We gander (examine) our cave and say it will do, and after our bell-boy has put down our heavy bags and fussed about the room for a moment, adjusting window-shades and removing specks of fluff from the lapel of the radiator, we pry open our pocket-book and give him a tip, whereupon he leaves, shutting the door forcefully behind him and muttering something about

Deemers. Persons who tip a dime, the smallest tip extant in the United States. He would feel better toward us if we were a

Quetor. One who tips a quarter; also a quarter tip itself. Pronounced *culor*, with a hard c—or a high C, if you can make it. Of course if we were on a spree and feeling gay and bon vivantish we might become a rag in his bright button eyes by tipping him a

Rag. A dollar bill; also, one who tips a dollar. Personally I can't imagine feeling that gay, but maybe you can. If, while our bell-boy has been gone, another has asked his whereabouts, he has probably received a reply something like this: "He's on a front with some shows who he wishes would be rags, hopes will be quetors, but who will probably turn out to be deemers." Oh, well, better to be called a deemer than a

Dead one. One who fails to tip at all (*syn.*: beat, flathead, stiff, McGee, Joe McGee). In a bell-boy's eyes a flathead is the lowest form of anthropoid—in fact it will not surprise the bell-boy one bit if the stiff turns out to be a

Gonnof. Unpleasant guest (*syn.*: fink, grenolian). But enough of these unpleasanties. What we need to take the chill off the room is a great roaring Scotch-and-soda, so unpack the siphon bottle and the dew and let's get at it. Since we're in an American hotel we

shall have it American style, which means we shall call "Room Service" and have the clerk send up a

Scuttle of clinkers. A pitcher of ice. This must not, need I say, be confused with a

Sky highball. A pitcher of ice-water. By sending for a scuttle of clinkers we create a—no, not a furore; we're not in a temperance hotel—a

Bell. Errand for the bell-boy. "He's out on a bell," his colleagues will say of him should they be interrogated by a passing trunk-tumbler (baggage porter) or

Broom-push. Lobby porter (*syn.*: broom). Our call for room service is put through by the

Plug-pusher. Switchboard operator, who has perhaps been passing the time of day by passing the time of day with the

Shamus. Hotel detective. This gossiping would cease at once should

they suddenly note the presence in the hostelry of the

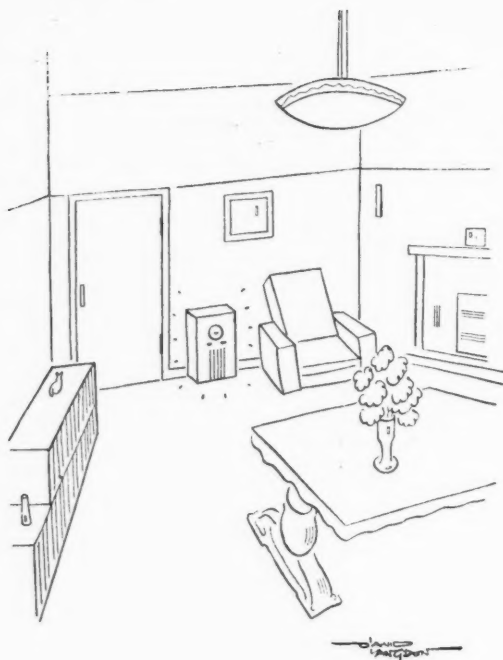
Old Man. The owner. But to get back up to us and our room, we have now got rid of several pieces of ice apiece and have reached the stage where we are happily

Cutting up touches. Indulging in reminiscences. Furthermore, we are thinking of going out for a festive evening, and if things keep on this way we probably won't return till around noon to-morrow, in which case our room will be known as a

Sleep-out. A room paid for but not slept in. This of course assumes that we intend to pay our hotel bill when we leave. Ah, but there's many a slip, eh? Bad thing, jumping at conclusions—right? We've got into the hotel, and now our job is to get out, leaving everything as we found it, including the hotel's finances. That, gentlemen, is the job we shall tackle when next we meet.



"Sorry if I'm late, old thing. I forgot it was 'Summer time'!"



"Pencil and paper ready?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Five Republics and a Liberator

WITH the idea of making South America intelligible to North America—and in particular of explaining the Hispano-Latin leaning towards dictatorships—Mr. THOMAS ROURKE has produced a vigorous and well-meditated life of *Simon Bolivar* (JOSEPH, 15/-). Here you have the Venezuelan who freed what are now Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru from Spain; and perceiving his country's totalitarian cravings, deplored them and built on them. Reared by an eccentric cosmopolitan tutor on long walking tours and the Rights of Man, BOLIVAR, after a somewhat hectic spell of European life, took an oath to wrest his America from Spain. Before he died—in exile at forty-seven—he had done so. Discounting the negative help of a Napoleon-ridden Europe, allowing for the scum—native and mercenary—who fought and butchered for freedom, it was a great feat; and BOLIVAR's crossing of the Andes to free Peru is one of the marvels of military history. England was not officially involved. We were offered Panama and a prospective canal—but the equivalent aid was not forthcoming. Only when BOLIVAR tried to govern the people he had liberated did he own that he had "ploughed the sea."

Imperial Crazy Gang

The eighteen ROMANOVs of Russia (if you include all the rag-tag and bobtail of idiots, infants and usurpers) ruled about as long as our STUARTS and HANOVERS and WINDSORS put together. Almost every one, in his or her way, was a major calamity for Russia. To judge from Mr. GERHARDI's

new book, *The Romanovs* (RICH AND COWAN, 30/-), no dynasty has ever caused greater misery—or provided better copy. The Russians, in their Russian way, put up with the most scandalous ones, and even encouraged them, but would quickly destroy, intentionally or by mistake, more promising Czars, such as ALEXANDER II or III. In history's most ghastly fairy story the fantastic is always round the corner. You have the ghoulish old comedienne, ELIZABETH. You have the Arabian Nights controversy over ELIZABETH and CATHERINE THE GREAT's babies—probably substituted. You have RASPUTIN. There was ALEXANDER I—such a one with the ladies. Did he really fake his own funeral and retire from the world as a hermit? There was the giant ALEXANDER III, who saved his family's lives, when the Imperial train was derailed and crashed down an embankment, by himself holding up the roof of the Imperial dining-car. In pathetic contrast to rather more than human predecessors came poor "NICKY" and "ALIX," in our own day, trying to hide in a villa paradise while six hundred millions (or whatever the figure was) were on the march. Mr. GERHARDI does not perplex with the stock ROMANOV historical controversies; he generally takes the theory that is most in character. The result is tremendously readable. Whether it is history is for the pundits to decide.

Siren from Illinois

Forty-one years after DICKENS stigmatised Cairo, Ill., as one of the foulest spots on "the hateful Mississippi," a radiant young belle, enriched by paternal speculations in corn, was keeping an intimate diary in that still ugly but progressive town. *Maud* (MACMILLAN, 12/6), whose chief aim at sixteen was to live in a glamorous atmosphere of serenades, "boquets," pressed hands and not too urgent kisses, kept up her romantic journal until she married, not very romantically, at thirty, and has now given her son-in-law, Mr. RICHARD LEE STROUT, leave to publish its candid and entertaining pages. Here you have portraits of the engrossing Miss RITTENHOUSE herself, of her swains, her friends, her papa, a "Marmee" given to temperance causes, and a background of Middle-West industrial progress complicated by cyclones, floods, smallpox and "coloured" riots. It is a highly novel and often extremely amusing revelation, though MAUD's technique of luring and dismissing her adorers is apt to stale a trifle on repetition. Her clothes are a joy; and whether she is painting hedge-roses



"My dear, I can't see a thing without it."



Mistress. "WELL, COOK, IF YOU AND THE OTHER MAIDS ARE AT ALL NERVOUS OF THE ZEPPELINS, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR BEDS REMOVED INTO THE BASEMENT."

Cook. "NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM. WE HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN THE POLICEMAN AT THE GATE."

George Belcher, March 10th, 1915

on a blue satin frock to recite in, or putting tucks and lace on a new pair of "chemiloons," her taste and vocabulary are equally memorable.

The Unique Saroyan

The distinctive excellence of Mr. WILLIAM SAROYAN's titles was commented on in the review in these columns of his last book, and there is no falling-off in his new one. True, the name of this collection of stories is merely *Peace, It's Wonderful* (FABER, 8/3), and perhaps someone else might have thought of using that slogan of the followers of "Father Divine" (though no one else would have written that story); but another of the pieces is called "Comedy is Where You Die and They Don't Bury You Because You Can Still Walk," which it is reasonable to call a SAROYAN special. Nobody else would have used that as a title, and

nobody else could have written a story to stand up to it. Not that that story, or Saroyan, is the best of the twenty-seven in this book; one reader at least would put "The Europa Club," for instance (far slighter and less pretentious in effect), above it. But it is a fact about the writings of Mr. SAROYAN that, though they may sometimes prove on consideration to have said and even implied far less than the author seems to have intended, they are all readable, entertaining and highly original. Often, too—either when he takes more particular care, or else by a lucky accident—they bring off something that is well worth doing and that nobody else can do.

Swords and Bibles

A fellow of Magdalen who inadvertently commits a psalm-singing woman to be whipped by the constable

scarcely expects to find himself soon afterwards carrying out her orders as one of a shipwrecked party in the Caribbees, but in the seventeenth century strange things happened at sea as well as at Oxford. Once the Civil War was over young *Mr. Conisby*, having a great liking for his sword and no stomach for CROMWELL, set out towards the West, and on the same rotten ship went *Mary Askill*, the farmer's daughter, called to carry her Bible to the heathen. How these two came to be lovers, how *Mary's* peasant good sense tamed a cargo of mutinous slaves, and how it pleased *Conisby's* malicious humour to imbue her for them with divine powers, is Miss HELEN SIMPSON's story, *Maid No More* (HEINEMANN, 8/3). She tells it very well, partly as robust adventure and partly as an excursion into the things of the spirit. The last chapters are as good as anything Miss SIMPSON has written; she sees tragedy through the eyes of a poet, though she conveys it in prose of admirable simplicity.

Rations Easy

In his many books with the vital phrase *Good Food* in their titles Mr. AMBROSE HEATH has never been of the school of pundits who urge you to pour a bottle of Cockburn '04 down the sink and toss half a dozen eggs whipped in cream and a little Amontillado lightly out of the window before getting down to business. Now, in *Good Food Without Meat* (FABER, 3/6), he shows himself an even more reasonable adviser, for none of the recipes in this admirable contribution to the war kitchen needs either butter or meat. Mr. HEATH has no great bias against margarine for cooking; he confesses he has used it for months and has proved it perfectly satisfactory except in those dishes where the natural flavour of butter is expected, none of which finds a place here. Fish Roly-poly, Gnocchi Tart, and Vegetarian Sausages are among the exciting things described. The book ends with twenty-five vegetable soups, of which Chestnut seems to demand the most immediate attention.

Gallantry

So successful was Mr. GEORGE SEAVER in his studies of WILSON and BOWERS that it was reasonable to approach his *Scott of the Antarctic* (MURRAY, 10/6) with supreme con-

fidence. But for some reason not easy to define this book, though far from being a failure, is a little disappointing. With WILSON and BOWERS, and especially in the case of WILSON, Mr. SEAVER was dealing with men of whom he had a thorough understanding, but SCOTT's more complex character seems at times to baffle him and to call for rather laboured explanations. These explanations when they refer to the friendship of SCOTT and BARRIE are not enlightening, and indeed to explain it is beyond the powers of anyone who was

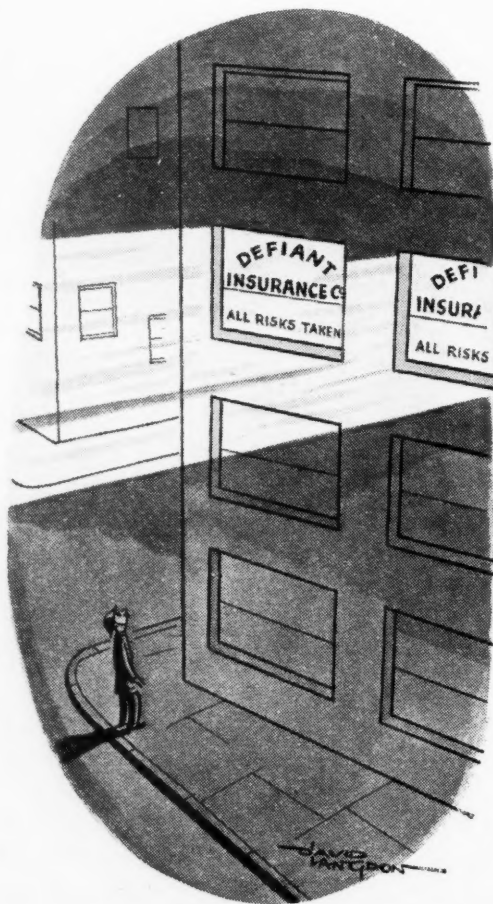
not intimately acquainted with those very dissimilar men. But when all is said and done SCOTT was so genuinely of the heroic breed that Mr. SEAVER's book can be read with both pleasure and profit.

Flights

As is her lavish habit Miss M. G. EBERHART is not content with one murder in *The Chiffon Scarf* (COLLINS, 8/3). Beginning with the deaths of two men during "a test flight to determine the value of a new aeroplane engine," deaths which at first were thought to be accidental, Miss EBERHART transports all the people even remotely connected with the disaster to an isolated region of America, where a detective, *P. H. Sloane*, was given time and opportunity to keep an observant eye on all of them. It would not be fair to mention the conclusions at which he, with reason, arrived, but once again Miss EBERHART, while creating several thrilling situations, gives her readers some life-like studies of character, among which those of her own sex are the most trenchant.

Abundant Measure

Sentimentalists will have no reason to complain of the quantity or the quality of the stories which Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL offers to them in *A Matter of Business* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, 7/6). For instance, "Flower o' Spring" and "The Angel Unawares" cannot fail to be appreciated by anyone who finds enjoyment in situations that are at once sweet and poignant. Some of the best tales in this collection are the shortest, but all of them whether brief or long carry the stamp of a well-known brand. And that will be good news to all of us, provided that we do not find Mr. FARNOL's style of writing too "mannered" for our taste.



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